NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 10.—VOL. XIX. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807. 945.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"CONSTANCE had no time either to comment on sister Ursula's intelligence, or to assist in recomposing the spirits of her friend, for the door of the cell was suddenly opened, and the lady abbess, followed by several of the elder nuns, made their appearance.—A serene satisfaction beamed on her venerable features, and a certain air of gloomy reserve, which for some time had imparted a repulsiveness to her manner, had now yielded to the accustomed friendly candor of a nature which was perpetually encouraging the weary and the unhappy, to lean on her kindness and accept her commiserate aid.

"So!" said she, looking round with a benignant smile, "I find our good daughter, tranquility, has been here before me with intelligence."

"She has, indeed, my dear mother," replied Constance, and though I could make nothing of her wonderful story, from the effect it has produced, I should suppose Euphema understood it."

"Doubtless she did," returned the abbess, "even through the glow of sweet pleasure that now paints her cheek, it may be perceived, that her heart lends itself beneath the consciousness of offence, the profession of penitence may therefore be spared.—It would be impossible to justify her proceedings, in one consecrated to an holy life, yet there is much to palliate, when the cruel deceptions practised on her guileless nature are considered; therefore, I must rejoice that the mercy of God has emancipated her from that, which, I fear, all my feeble power could not have shielded her, when under the iron hand of the severe and inexorable justice of the church."

"Constance looked for an explanation, but the holy mother observed that the strangers would be impatient, as Euphema appeared recovering, directed the nuns to support her to the parlour, where they were.—Slowly and timidly Euphema raised her languid eyes to the venerable abbess, and in the next instant sunk on her knees.

"My holy, my ever compassionate mother," said she, in enfeebled accents, "driven on my fate by a cruel father and perfidious brother, I fell from my duty and my God, and in the gloom of distracted mind, thought to wear out a wretched weary being, but—but——"

"She ceased, for the horror of imbittered recollection suspended utterance, an I it required all their soothing and supporting care to prevent her from relapsing in successive faintings. At length she survived sufficiently to leave her cell, and though her poor heart throbbed heavy and tumultuous, she wore the appearance of composure, and was attended to the parlour, where, in a moment, she was folded to the faithful adoring bosom of young Deloraine!—Deloraine—but the reader, if any way interested, is requested to take patience, and go several pages back, while his re-appearance, after being supposed to fall in battle, and left to moulder in a foreign grave, is reasonably accounted for.

"The human mind seldom or never departs from his natural bias, unless the governing principles are very early crushed, and even the traces erased from memory; the reader, therefore, who could imagine that young Bournonville, the brother of Euphema, relented at her sufferings, or felt remorse from his own misdeeds, formed an erroneous judgment of the heart, when under the dominion of such insatiate passions as avarice and ambition.—To the fraternal feelings he had ever been a stranger, and no sooner was his father in possession of the immense wealth Euphema's maternal relative bequeathed her, than it occupied his whole mind how he should induce her to make a transfer of it to himself; and there was no measure however unjustifiable, or indeed base and degrading to the human mind, to which he would not have descended to attain his ungenerous purposes. His father's predilection he had greatly weakened by his very unnatural desertion, when he lay, as was supposed at the point of death after his mother's decease; yet he flattered himself that he could easily recover that empire, if necessary or contributive to his purposes, otherwise he considered it of very little consequence. His sister's vast affection for Deloraine he knew to be a powerful barrier, indeed, one almost insurmountable; and in that conviction, perhaps he had relinquished his barbarous machinations when his regiment was ordered to a foreign service, and the fate of war threw his once attached friend on that his nature never knew—mercy.

"It must be allowed that the young Comte Bournonville was superior to Deloraine in the science of the sword, and on the forlorn hope, where they really had encountered, he became master of his fate; but unlike the deceptious relation which he had transmitted to his father, when Deloraine fell, instead of saving or supporting him, he plunged his weapon with unrelenting violence into his then undefended breast, and left him weltering in his blood and apparently dead on the field.—Yet it was not cruelty that altogether nerved his savage arm, no, it was avarice, the incontrolable desire of accumulated wealth, which his nature could not use, though his passions would abuse in every possible way.

"He knew his sister, if she survived Deloraine's death, would abjure the world, and as her father had then become her friend, he would be the inheritor of her riches, and consequently in course of time it would all devolve on himself; governed by these selfish motives, if possible to acquire some degree of merit in his sister's opinion, next day he issued orders, and offered a reward for the body of Deloraine, that it might be consigned to the earth with the military honors becoming a soldier and a soldier's friend.

"Now," exclaimed he, with well affected greatness of soul, "now enmity is no more, my country claimed my arm, friendship claims my heart, I feel," he continued, "that——

> 'When vital breath is fled,
> Our friends and foes are equal dust,
> Both claim the funeral passage to that
> Future seat of being, where no enmity survives;
> Him that valor slew on earth,
> In that blest region may be found a friend.'

"Previous to this pompous declamation, well calculated to gain upon the ear, tho' one feeling of a Leonidas had never humanized the mansion of his heart, a faithful domestic, who had attended Deloraine from his youth, with a view to secure his beloved remains from the obscurity of the more common dead, had obtained permission from an inferior officer to search for his body on the field.—Directed by an unerring hand, he soon discovered the spot where it lay, and with transport hardly to be repressed, on raising him, perceived some faint symtoms of remaining life.—Conscious of the enmity Comte Bournonville had long borne him, and suspecting his motives and designs, he determined, if possible, to save his master and circumvent them. Unobserved, therefore, by the few who were scattered widely from each other in their search, and who were yet more busily occupied in pillaging the dead he took his master's coat, sash, and gorget, and put them on another body laying near, when calling loudly to his comrades in office, he pointed to it saying,—"You go and receive the reward of finding my dear master, while I watch this poor fellow creature, whose life may yet be preserved."

"Gladly the wretched mercenaries acceded to this proposal, when the domestic, throwing the habiliments of a private soldier over Deloraine, unmolested bore him to the hospital, where he recovered, and under that humble character, without creating the slightest suspicion, together they landed on the shores of France; but not, alas, until long after the period in which the disconsolate broken hearted Euphema had become a professed sister of St. Clare, and her designing perfidious brother put in undisturbed possession of her fortune.

"The condition of poor Deloraine, on hearing these distracting tidings is easier to be imagined than described; life became a burden which he determined not long to support, and indeed he only lengthened the line of misery, but by some stratagem, he could once more behold Euphema, in whose presence he resolved to finish an agonized existence.

"It may be remembered, that Deloraine's valet was warmly attached to Annette; and one day, soon after his return, forgetful of every thing but that Deloraine was alive, she had very near betrayed all to Euphema, and had actually reached the convent for that purpose, when she was suddenly followed by two unknown figures, and hurried from the parlour before she had time to declare her errand. Reflection afterwards convinced poor Annette how fatal the consequence of such information would prove to her devoted mistress, and the secret continued in her own bosom until the general denouement.

"With horror and dismay, young Bournonville in his walks one morning encountered De-

Ioraine Notwithstanding his deep disguise he recognised him; when with a brain nearly maddened, he hastened home, and communicated the discovery to his father, who, to his astonishment, instead of the chagrin, and indeed sorrow that he expected, with difficulty suppressed the most extravagant joy, felicitating himself, though in wild and incoherent terms, on being at length an happy father.

"You are certainly happy, my Lord," said his son, "as far as relates to my sister, she being removed by her consecrated condition from dishonoring her illustrious birth by a marriage so far beneath her; yet I think it requisite for her future peace, to secure her from unavailing regrets and pangs, that some speedy measures may be taken to remove Deloraine from this country, lest the prodigy of his being in existence should reach her knowledge.

"As you say," replied the Comte, with a most sarcastic air, "his being in existence is indeed a prodigy, when your account of his death and burial is considered."

"Would any one doubt it?" cried he with fierceness.

"No not altogether perhaps," retorted his father, in the same tone; and yet I thought miracles had pretty well ceased. But," continued his Lordship, affecting his usual composure, "I am not more anxious to conceal his being alive from the poor deceived Euphema, than I am to discover himself. He must, he shall be found, I would relinquish life and peace to secure his welfare,—I would give him—give him a world, a paradise—give him any thing but——Euphema—"

(To be Continued.)

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR ROCK.

He was one day standing at his door on Ludgate Hill, when a regular bred physician passed, who had learning and abilities, but not the success in his practice which he deserved. —"How comes it," (says he to the quack) "that you, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of the science, are enabled to live in the style you do? you keep your town-house, your carriage, and your country-house; whilst I, allowed to possess some knowledge, have neither, and can scarcely pick up a subsistence." "Why, look you," said Rock, smiling, "How many people do you think have passed us, since you asked me the question?" "Why," answered the doctor, "perhaps, a hundred." "And how many out of this hundred think you possess common sense?"—"Possibly, one," answered the doctor. "Then," said Rock, "that one comes to you, and I take care to get the other ninety nine.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

A great talker never wants enemies—The name of sense speaks little, and hears much.

Do not entertain a man who has just received a disappointment with an account of your own success.

In company, set a guard upon your tongue—and solitude, upon your heart.

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discern the faults of others.

The most clear-sighted *are blind to their own.*

When a man says, "let me wait a little, when I have something to spare, I will relieve the poor"—this man, will never relieve the poor.

LINES
ON RESIGNATION.

Fatigu'd with illness, sick with pain,
By various griefs oppress'd,
Calm *resignation* can sustain,
And soothe the soul to rest.

Hail Resignation, nymph divine;
Behold my aching heart;
O grant thy influence benign,
Thy saving grace impart.

On thee, attendants hope appears,
To whom the pow'r is giv'n,
To dissipate our gloomy fears,
And point the way to Heav'n.

Henceforth, no sickness, care, or grief,
Shall reach my garded mind;
Religion, grants a sure relief,
I *hope*, and am resign'd.

THE RING.

A TALE.

The Happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest made in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feasts and spirits began—
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth,
The day was pass'd along—
And some the featly dance agitated,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bride-groom on his finger had
The wedding ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been—
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit—
And thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them,
There dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went,
But oh! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger rent!

(To be Continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING,

AS IT REALLY OCCURRED IN LORD TYRONE'S FAMILY IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

"But how, said I, when the morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination." "Will not the news of my death, said he, be sufficient to convince you?" "No, returned I, I might have had such a dream and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I must have some stronger proof of its reality." "You shall said he," then waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended: "In that said he, you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this." "True, said I, but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt." "He then said, "you have a pocket book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand writing." I replied "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still, said I, in the morning, I doubt, though awake, I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief, said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I don't mind a small blemish, said I." "You are a woman of spirit, said he, hold out your hand." I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the nerve shrunk up, every nerve withered—"Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist, to see it will be sacrilege." He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone.—During the time in which I had conversed with him my thoughts where perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts was ineffectual. In this state of agitation I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir Marcus was gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as is in a large house frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary position, would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribband which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M. he instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause; I told him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the black ribband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted any further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. —You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms

After the melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful vessel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude; but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration. I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person allotted by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference: I endeavored by every possible means to repel a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if ever I should be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day ended my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

(Conclusion in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a very lucrative post under government, became vacant, and many candidates solicited the ministry for it; among whom, the most urgent and importunate person was judged by the minister, inadequate to fill it.—Therefore, to rid himself of him, and his disagreeable importunity together, he determined to oppose him, the next time he came, with some obscure question.

Accordingly, when he made his appearance, he told him, if he could inform him "who were Melchizedeck's father and mother, his request should be granted, and the place given to him." He thanked his lordship, and only requested one day to consider of it. He now prepared two large bags of money, of various coins, so that he was certain their legends contained all the letters of the alphabet; then ordered his coach and drove away to the minister's house; who, when he saw the gentleman's servants sweating, and handing in the specie, began to conceive a better opinion of his abilities, came to the door and received him very politely: "My lord," said he, "the large bag, contains all the letters that compose his father's name, as the lesser one, does that of his mother's; I make no doubt, but your lordship has sagacity enough to put them together;" which so pleased the minister, that he shook him heartily by the hand, and vowed, "He was the best scholar he ever met with; for he had proposed the same query to many learned men, divines especially, who were unanimous, that he never had a father or mother—but you, *learned sir*, have convinced me, and shall have immediate admission." On this account, during the remainder of that administration, on every promotion, it became proverbial, and common to say—"We suppose, he has had the recommendation of *Melchizedeck's father and mother.*"

SCRAP.

False friends, says an Italian wit, are like the shade of a *dial*, which appears when the sky is clear, but is concealed when it is cloudy.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 18, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 44 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 12 women, 8 boys, and 10 girls) during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 8, convulsions 1, debility 3, decay 4, dropsy 2, drops in the head 1, typhus fever 4, frost-bitten 1, hives 3, jaundice 2, intemperance 1, inflammation of the bladder, lungs, and bowels 1 each, old age 3, pleurisy 1, sprue, 1, still-born 1, suicide 1, whooping-cough 1, and 1, of worms.

Interments in the city of Philadelphia, from the 4th to the 11th of April—24 adults, 15 children, total 39.

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Capt. Smith, arrived at Philadelphia from St. Bartholomew, says, that while there, a fire happened in the town of that island, which totally destroyed 20 houses.

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LONDON, MARCH 8.

IMPORTANT VICTORIES

Obtained by the Russians over the French, between the 1st and 12th of February.

Mr. Vlieck, who is the bearer of this joyful tidings, left Petersburgh on the 18th of February, and Gottenburgh on the 1st inst. On board the Amity Packet, which was dispatched for his conveyance. From him we have the happiness to learn, that Gen Bonningsen has officially announced several Victories obtained by him over Bonaparte, in one of which the French lost upwards of 20,000 men, a large portion of their artillery, and twelve Standards.

Six of these latter have been triumphantly exhibited on the Parade of Petersburgh previous to Mr. Vlieck's departure.

A French General deserted the sinking fortune of Bonaparte, and has arrived at St. Petersburgh. His reports, and his statement is confirmed from various parts, that Bonaparte, since his Invasion of Poland, has lost upwards of 100,000 men.

Mr. Vlieck was detained at Gottenburgh two days, by contrary winds.

The following Note was circulated in the Ministerial Circles shortly after Mr. Vlieck's arrival:

"A king's Messenger arrived this morning, with Dispatches from St. Petersburgh, communicating the Official Details of the operation of the Russian Army in Prussia. It appears that the ardent and persevering gallantry of the Russian General has been crowned with signal success:—for several successive days he attacked the French army always to advantage, but in the last affairs, to their decisive defeat, they having on that occasion lost upwards of 20,000 men, twelve eagles, and several pieces of cannon."

"Great rejoicings have taken place at Petersburgh, and the city was illuminated at the departure of the Messenger."

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A very extraordinary instance of the premature growth of the humane body is at present exhibited at Antwerp: A male child, born in the neighborhood of that town, and the register of whose birth proves that he is only 5 years old, measures about 5 feet, has the voice of a man, and a beard, and can lift 50 pounds weight with each hand!

Lon. pap.

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A new Flute.—An artist at Paris, has invented a flute of flint glass, which, for the firmness of its tones, is said far to surpass those made of wood.

COURT OF HYMEN.

When fascinating beauty smiles,
Tho' deem'd a transient flow'r,
Vain man, with all his boasted might,
Submissive owns its pow'r.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr Parkinson, Mr. Barnam Clock, to Miss Margaret Dodge, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, Mr. John Brown, to Miss Sarah Dean, all of this city.

On Wednesday last, near Princeton, N. J by the Rev Dr. Woodhull, the Rev. Selah S. Woodhull, of Brooklyn, to Miss Cornelia Van Cleve.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. John T. Halstead, to Miss Sally White, of New-Brunswick.

MORTALITY.

The bliss of human kind flests swift away!
From dreams of hope, alas! how soon we're torn!
The sun of joy scarce darts its gladd'ning ray,
When clouds o'ershadow, and we wake to mourn.

DIED,

On Wednesday last, Miss Mary Ann Clending, daughter of Mr John Clending.

On Sunday afternoon, after a short illness, Mr. David Couple.

On Saturday the 11th inst. in the 30th year of his age, Mr John B. String son, of this city.

On Sunday morning last, in the 19th year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Hone, son of Mr Samuel Hone.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, daughter of Mr. Anthony Bolton, of this city.

On Wednesday last, in his 50th year, John Beckley, Esquire, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States. He was born in Great-Britain—but, when only eleven years old, came under the protection of his uncle, to this country, where he has continued to reside ever since.

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

December 6.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MORRIS, begs leave to informs his friends and the public in general that he has opened a story at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarrows and Cordevan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

☞ Best dancing Pumps, Morocco or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or patterns. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

. All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

25000 *DOLLARS, HIGHEST PRIZE.*

FOR sale at this Office, Tickets in the BLACK RIVER LOTTERY, which commences drawing in June next; now selling for 7 Dollars, and will shortly advance to 7 and a half.

MRS. TODD, No. 63, John-Street has just opened some fresh TEAS, of the first quality; Gun-powder, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE FOWLER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A careless, whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly;
There's not a Fowler more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can spread the net?
Or tune the merry flageolet.
Then, why, O! why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The Thrush and Linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd Nightingale,
The Bullfinch, Wren, and Woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare,
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In Cupid's filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine,—among the rest,
I'd choose the lass I lik'd the best,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife!

LINES ON HOPE.

Oh! ever skill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the shapes of grief, and fear depart;
Come, gentle hope, with one gay smile remove,
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice benign, enchantress, let me hear,
Say, that for me, some pleasure yet shall bloom;
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chace misfortune's gloom;
But come not glowing in the dazling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die!
Visions less fair, will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness; but longs for rest.

WHAT ANIMALS IN NATURE ARE MOST RARE?

A rich man, contented with his fortune—A man of genius not noted for his irregularities and defects—A learned man who knows himself—A sciolist not vain—A virgin whom every body thinks beautiful except herself.

ANECDOTES.

Two suitors in chancery, being reconciled to each other, after a very tedious and expensive suit, lately applied to an artist to paint a device, in commemoration of their returning amity and peace. The artist accordingly painted one of them in his shirt and the other naked.

Two persons, distinguished by their excrescents upon their backs, having accidentally come together in a public company, one of them turning round and rubbing his back against the other's, exclaimed, with great humor, 'Who the devil will dare to say, in future, that mountains never met?'

DURABLE INK,

For writing on linen with a pen, which nothing will discharge without destroying the linen.—For sale at this Office.

SCHOOL.

Mrs. HEARNE, returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the Tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her Seminary on the first of May next, from No. 35, to No. 137 Bowery-Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary—having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct Youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery & the various branches of Needle Work, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the Morals, Manners, & Education of her Pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of Public Patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young Ladies to board & educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.

March 7, 1807

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 13 Beekman-slip, is now open for the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown persons.

Private Lessons—As the advertiser resides at the above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentlemen, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life, to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary accommodation for the purpose of private instruction, by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls or assemblies.

Public practising every Wednesday evening.

A course of French has also begun at said place, to which a few more select pupils may be admitted provided application be made during the ensuing fortnight. All persons desirous of being attended at their houses to be instructed in either French or Dancing, M. Ignace C. Fraisier, offers his services.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, *Hair Dresser*, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

☞ Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15. 92d tf.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The Misses Palmers, respectfully informs their friends and the public, that they continue their School in Stamford, where they teach Reading, and Writing, Arithmatic, English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work. Every attention will be paid to the morals and manners of the young Ladies who are intrusted to their care.

Stamford, April 4. 946—3m.

YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY

Mrs. STONEHOUSE, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English Grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needle-work, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-Street, in an airy pleasant situation. She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers; and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care.

April 11, 4w

FILES,

OF THE 'NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,'
from 1800 to 1807,
Neatly bound; for sale at this Office.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by
ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SEAL BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chopping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses as well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 16 bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
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Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rogue, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences

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Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold.

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*** The best warranted Concave Razors, their Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

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January 3, 1807 1y

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Split straw do. do.
Paper do.
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do. do. Wreaths
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
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November 926—tf

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